

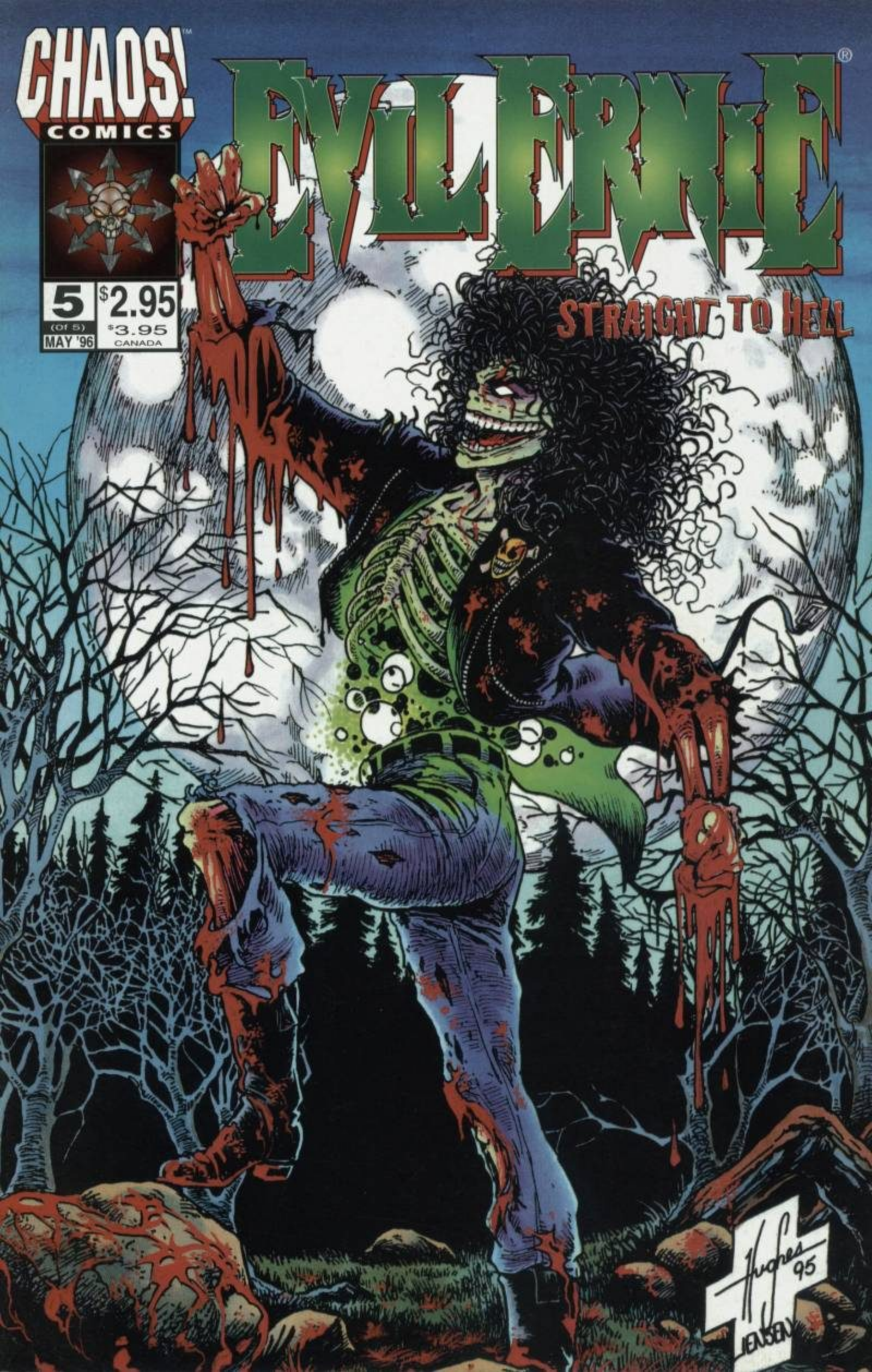
CHAOS!
COMICS



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(OF 5) \$3.95
MAY '96 CANADA

EVIL ERNIE

STRAIGHT TO HELL



Hughes 95
JENSEN



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EVIL ERNIE

STRAIGHT TO HELL #5 (of 5)

"HELL TO PAY"

THE STORY SO FAR

For months, Evil Ernie forced Dr. Mary Young to concoct a way to bring Lady Death to earth. Her solution was extreme. Sending Ghoul hit squads across the country, Evil Ernie amassed some of the greatest scientific minds to accomplish his goal - and it worked! Lady Death returned to earth, but Lucifer's curse which prevented her from returning to earth until all the living are dead, came back to haunt her. The earth itself was poised for destruction and it was decided that Lady Death must return to the unknown or she would bring about Armageddon. But before they were separated, Lady Death revealed that it was Pagan, the court jester of Hell, who was responsible for her banishment. Evil Ernie, alone again and perhaps forevermore, decided there's HELL TO PAY!

Evil Ernie: Straight To Hell #5. May, 1996. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Chaos! Comics. BRIAN PULIDO, President/Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 7349 Via Paseo Del Sur, Suite #515-208, Scottsdale, AZ 85258. EVIL ERNIE and LADY DEATH are Registered Trademarks of BRIAN PULIDO. ARR. Chaos! Comics, Cremator, Chastity, Pagan and Smiley, The Psychotic Button Trademark & Copyright 1995 Brian Pulido. ARR. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of BRIAN PULIDO. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. F.T.W. Printed in Canada.

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EVER LOVE SOMEONE
SO MUCH IT HURTS?

SEPARATED FROM HIS LOVE, LADY
DEATH, EVIL ERNIE DID EVERYTHING
IN HIS POWER TO BRING HER TO HIM.
JUST MINUTES AGO, HE CAME AWFULLY
CLOSE.

LADY DEATH, THE QUEEN OF ALL THAT
IS DEAD AND DYING -- HIS GIRL --
WALKED THE EARTH. THEY TOUCHED.
THEY KISSED. FOR A MOMENT, IT
SEEMED AS IF THEY WOULD BE TOGETHER
FOREVER. FOR A MOMENT, ALL THE PAIN
WENT AWAY. NOTHING ELSE MATTERED.

BUT THEIR LIAISON WAS NOT TO
BE. LUCIFER CURSED LADY DEATH
NEVER TO RETURN TO EARTH UNTIL
ALL THE LIVING WERE DEAD.

NOW EVIL ERNIE HAS DONE A
STELLAR JOB AT GENOCIDE. HE'S
CLOCKED UP TO 95 MILLION
MURDERS, BUT IN THE GRAND
SCHEME OF THINGS, HE ISN'T
EVEN CLOSE TO OVERCOMING
THE CURSE.

LADY DEATH WAS
EXILED BACK TO
THE UNKNOWN.

THEY WERE
SEPARATED
AGAIN -- THIS
TIME, PERHAPS
FOREVER.

IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE EVIL
ONE. HOW CAN YOU EXPRESS A LOVE
THAT KNOWS NO BOUNDS IN MERE
SECONDS? HOW CAN YOU EXPRESS
ALL YOUR HOPES, YOUR DREAMS AND
HOW CAN YOU OVERCOME THE
INTENSE LONELINESS?

YOU CAN'T. HE
WAS ROBBED.

SO EVIL ERNIE DOES WHAT HE'S
ALWAYS DONE BEST: HE BURIES
ALL HIS FEELINGS. HE PUSHES
THEM DOWN DEEP IN HIS SUB-
CONSCIOUS, FORCING HIMSELF
TO FORGET THEM.

BUT THOSE FEELINGS -- THEY'RE
NOT GONE. OH, NO. NOT BY A LONG
SHOT. INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY, THEY
START FORCING BACK UP THROUGH
A CEREBRAL PRESSURE COOKER
THAT WARPS AND TWISTS THEM.

ANY FEELINGS OF LOVE AND COMPASSION.
GONE. ANY HINT OF SENSITIVITY. HISTORY.

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A MOLTEN
VOLCANO OF RAGE AND ANGER.

AND YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU
GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT --

-- THAT'S THE WAY
HE **LIKES** IT!!

There's
HELL to
PAY!

%@#!

KILL!





DON'T GO,
EVIL! MARY AND BILLY
ESCAPED! *EVERYONE'S*
ESCAPED! NO TELLIN'
WHERE THEY ARE! THE
WHOLE THING'S
CRUMBLIN'!

I DON'T
HAVE SECURITY
IN PLACE! WE'RE
VULNERABLE!

**DON'T
DO IT!**



YER
PREACHIN',
HOMICIDE!

SHUT
UP AND
WATCH MY
BACK!

UGH!

CRACK



THIS *AIN'T*
RIGHT!

WHAT AM
I GONNA DO?
I'M HIS *RIGHT-HAND*
GHOUL! HE EXPECTS
ME TO GUARD HIM
WHILE HE GOES ON
A *POINTLESS*
RAMPAGE! HE'S
LOST IT!



NEXT STOP:
HELL!

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
KILLIN' NEEDS
TO BE DONE
HERE!



Mmmmm.

HIGH ABOVE THE PROCEEDINGS, VAMPIRE FOR HIRE, CHASTITY, CONSIDERS HER NEXT MOVE --

LOOKIT 'EM. SLEEPING LIKE A BABY. EASY KILL.

HE'D DIE WITH A SLUSHY, WET SMILE ACROSS HIS THROAT.

TOO EASY. WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?

Eek!

Sehhh, RATZO.

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO WAKE THE DEAD!



I OWE EVIL MY DEATH. I'M INDEBTED TO HIM, BUT HE'S LOST HIS VISION!

WE SHOULD BE PREACHIN' THE UNDEAD GOSPEL!

Mmmmm.



EVERYONE SHOULD EXPERIENCE THE GIFT OF DEATH! EVERYONE! AND NOTHING SHOULD GET IN OUR WAY!

I'M LUCKY! NOT LIKE OTHER GHOULS. I CAN THINK FOR MYSELF!

IF HE'S NOT GONNA SPREAD THE GIFT, THEN I WILL!

SORRY, EVIL! I GOTTA GIVE MARY AND BILLY THE GIFT OF DEATH! I GOTTA SHARE WITH MY FAMILY!

HELL.

YO, ALFRED!

WITH THE RESTORATION OF LADY DEATH'S MANSION ALMOST COMPLETE, HER LOYAL UNDEAD TURN TO THE TASK OF RESURRECTING THE ENDLESS GRAVEYARD.

AL! YOU KNOW WHERE THAT CLOWN PAGAN LIVES?

YES, I DO, MASTER EVIL.

THEN SPILL IT, MAN!

HE BANISHED LADY DEATH!

WILL THE GODDESS OF THE MANOR EVER RETURN?

KEEP STRONG. THOUGH SHE'S CHALLENGED, ULTIMATELY NONE CAN STAND IN HER WAY!

TOTAL DOMINATION!

UNQUESTIONABLY!

NOT FAR AWAY, PAGAN THE DEVIOUS COURT JESTER OF HELL RESIDES...

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, YAK!

OUR GUESTS ARE SOMEWHAT... TEMPERAMENTAL. IF ANYTHING, SHOULD GO AWRY, I WANT YOU NEARBY.

OF COURSE, MILORD PAGAN, OF COURSE.

WELCOME, FINE SCOUNDRELS!



oh, no...

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM PAGAN.

I'VE INVITED YOU ALL HERE FOR A BIT OF WAGERING, AND WHO MIGHT YOU ALL BE?

AH, WHAT A MORBID ROGUES GALLERY WE HAVE TONIGHT! A PICK OF THE LITTER AMONG THE FINEST ASSASSINS, MURDERERS, TORTURERS AND EXECUTIONERS OF THE REGION.

WE ALL KNOW WHO YOU ARE, IDIOT! YOU'RE GET ON WITH IT!

HAVE YOU NO MANNERS, GUILLOTINE?

CALL ME SHRILL, POND SCUM!

NAME'S GRAVE, MATE. THIS BRUTE NEXT TO ME AIN'T ACCUSTOMED TO TALKIN'. HE DON'T 'AVE A NAME, BUT I CALL 'IM RRRR!

RRRR!

I AM MATUUMO OF THE EXILED MANICORE ASSASSIN CLAN!

WHAT ARE THE STAKES, TRICKSTER?

SHOW THEM, DEAR YAK.

...OHHH...





-- THE
RIGHT TO
BEHEAD LADY
DEATH'S TRUSTED
STEED,
VASSAGO!

ANTE UP,
SCOUNDRELS!

I'M
IN!

I'M
IN!

OUI!
OUI!

LET'S
GO!

I'M
IN!

JUST OUTSIDE OF
PITTSBURGH...

EXPERTS AND AUTHORITIES ARE AT
A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE ORIGIN AND
IMPLICATIONS OF THE RIPPLING
GREEN ENERGY THAT ORIGINATED
OUTSIDE OF PITTSBURGH A
FEW HOURS AGO...

I NEVER
THOUGHT WE'D
GET OUT ALIVE, BILLY.
EVIL ERNIE WOULDN'T
EVEN LET US
SPEAK.

I'M JUST
GLAD WE'RE
TOGETHER,
MARY.

IF YOU'RE THINKING OF
CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI
WALL, MARY, IT'S A WASTE
OF TIME.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?!

NO ONE
IN THE PSYCHOTIC
STATES CAN CROSS
WEST. TRIED IT TONS
OF TIMES.

YOU'VE
GOT TO BE
KIDDING!

SOLDIERS HAVE
ORDERS TO KILL. THEY
CONSIDER US CONTAMINATED.
THINK WE MAY CARRY THE
PSYCHO PLAGUE.

WHAT
ABOUT
JUDY?

LAST I
SAW HER, WE
WERE SEPARATED
ON A BRIDGE THAT
HEADED OUT OF
WASHINGTON.

THINK
SHE MADE
IT?

YEAH, I
DO. SHE'S A
SURVIVOR.

LET'S
GO FIND
HER!



TOYS.

YEAH,
TOYS.
HEH.

GONNA
KILL THE
TOYS. C'MERE,
TOYS!

(FOR THE
WHOLE STORY,
SEE CHAOS!
QUARTERLY
#3, DUE
IN APRIL.)

HELL.

FASTER!
FASTER!

There's
Pagan's joint,
boss!

YO!

YOU
CHEAT,
YOU BURN,
GRAVE!

WHAT'S
THE RACKET
OUTSIDE,
YA LITTLE
WANKER?

I
WOULDN'T
WORRY.
CEREBUS IS
ON GUARD!

CRUNCH

CRACK

CRUNCH



YAK!
WHAT /S
IT?!

...OH,
NO...

RUN FOR
THE HILLS OF
MISERY!

KERAP

SO YOU
SET US UP,
PAGAN.

DEVIOUS
BASTARD!

I'LL RELISH
CARVING YOU
CLEAN!

I HAD
NOTHING
TO DO WITH
THIS!

HE'S
TELLIN' DE
TRUTH!

DEN
WHO EEZ
IT?

'AD
THE BEST
CARDS OF
ME LIFE!

...OH,
NO...

IRK!

PAGAN!
YER GONNA
PAY!

WHAT,
WHAT EEZ
EETP?

YOUNG
EVIL, YOU
INTERRUPTED OUR
QUIET LITTLE
EVENING.

WHAT
CAN I
DO FOR
YOU?

THOUGHT
I'D NEVER
SEE
HIM HERE!

'OOEVER
IT IS, WE GOT
US A SCORE TO
SETTLE!

THIS
ISN'T GOOD.
NOT GOOD
AT ALL!

LADY
DEATH'S
HORSE!

HEY,
WHAT'RE
YOU GEEKS
UP TO?

PAGAN,
DUDE, YOU
DID IT!

YOU'RE
GONNA
HURT!

BRING
ME HIS
HEAD!

I
PROMISE
YOU
RICHES!

I DON'
KNOW YOU,
MON AMI, BUT NO
MATTER. I'LL MAKE
ZIS QUICK AND
PAINFUL!

AK!

AS SHRILL'S HELLFIRE
WHIP LASHES AROUND
HIS THROAT, EVIL ERNIE'S
ENERGY ARCANE IGNITES --

-- AND
REACTS!

AAAAA

SPLAQ

Hey
watch the
utensils!

FEEL YOUR
FACE ROTTING,
MONSTER?

NOTHING
CAN WITHSTAND
MY LETHAL
TOUCH.

EEEEEE!

THEN AGAIN, SHRILL HAS NEVER ENCOUNTERED EVIL
ERNIE'S MYSTERIOUS ENERGY ARCANES. REACTING
WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN, THE SUPERNATURAL
MANIFESTATION OF EVIL ERNIE'S RAGE LASHES OUT.

AAAAAAA!

C'MON!
C'MON!

WHO
WANTS
SOME?

Healthy
set of tonsils
you got there,
ugly!

AAAAAAAAA!



SPLAT

HUH?

Behind
ya!

CRAAAAAA

SPLAT

HA
HAHA
HA!

THIS
EVENING
HAS TAKEN A
TURN FOR THE
WORSE!

GUARDS!
ATTACK!



GOING
SOME-
WHERE?

HE MUST
KNOW I BANISHED
LADY DEATH!
HOWP?

UNRULY
SUCCUBUS!
FEEL MY
MALLET!

I'M
COMIN',
PAGAN!

FEEL
THIS,
MAN!

EEZ
TIME TO
LEAVE...

...LIVE
TO FIGHT
ANUDDER
DAY!

THUNK

WAK

SPLAT

ACK!

EVIL ERNIE HAS RARELY KNOWN SUCH FRUSTRATION! ALTHOUGH PAGAN IS ONLY ACROSS THE ROOM, HIS SWARMING HIVE OF GUARDS TEMPORARILY PREVENT EVIL FROM CROSSING.

FOR THE MOMENT, HIS ONLY REWARD IS THE PSYCHOPATHIC SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION THAT HE CONDUCTS WITH STYLE AND GLEE.

SPLUC

SPLUT

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE HE'S BEEN IN THE PIT BUSTIN' HEADS, DRAWIN' BLOOD, BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO WARM UP AGAIN.

SURE, EVIL'S HAD HIS MOMENTS OF DOUBT AND PAIN. HE'S EVEN HIDDEN BEHIND HUMOR ON OCCASION.

HAVEN'T WE ALL?

WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO IT, NO ONE CAN TOUCH THE EVIL ONE FOR MEGA-MURDER! NO ONE!

YEAH, YEAH, THERE'S ALL SORTS OF MUCH VAUNTED, SERIAL KILLER TYPES OUT THERE, BUT THEY'RE ALL PENNY-ANTE PLAYERS. TEN MURDERS HERE, TWENTY MURDERS THERE.

THEY LACK THE SCOPE AND SCALE OF ERNEST FAIRCHILD'S VISION!

WITH EVIL, WE'RE TALKIN' QUANTITY OF KILLS! CLOSE TO 100 MILLION DISSATISFIED CUSTOMERS!

YA GOTTA GIVE IT UP TO HIM.

PURE AND SIMPLE, EVIL ERNIE IS A MURDERER'S MURDERER.

EVIL RELISHES THE SWEET,
INTOXICATING BUZZ OF THE
MOMENT, LOSES HIMSELF
IN IT.

IT BRINGS BACK HIS
GLORY DAYS -- MURDER
MARDI GRAS IN SUBURBIA,
THE CONQUEST OF
WASHINGTON DC, THE
MANHATTAN MASSACRE.
GOOD TIMES.

THAT'S WHEN HE FEELS BEST.
WHEN HE'S ALL JACKED UP ON
ADRENALINE AND MADNESS AT THE
CENTER OF THE CYCLONE OF
DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND CHAOS!

THAT'S WHEN HE
FORGETS THE
PAIN.

BUT THE
BUZZ
DOESN'T
LAST LONG.

SHE'S
GONE,
SMILEY.

I
LOST
HER.

BOSS!

You
LOST that
Pagan PRICK,
too!

slurp



DON'T
TRY A THING!
HANDS WHERE
I CAN SEE
'EM!

HURMPH!

YOU
GOT
ME!

DON'T
HURT THE
HORSE.

MUNCH

...oh,
I WON'T
HURT THE
HORSE...

...I'LL
MUTILATE
IT!

TINK



%&*!



AAAAAAAAA

HEH.
HEH.
HEH.

AAAAA

SPLAT

HAHA
HAHAHA
HAHA!



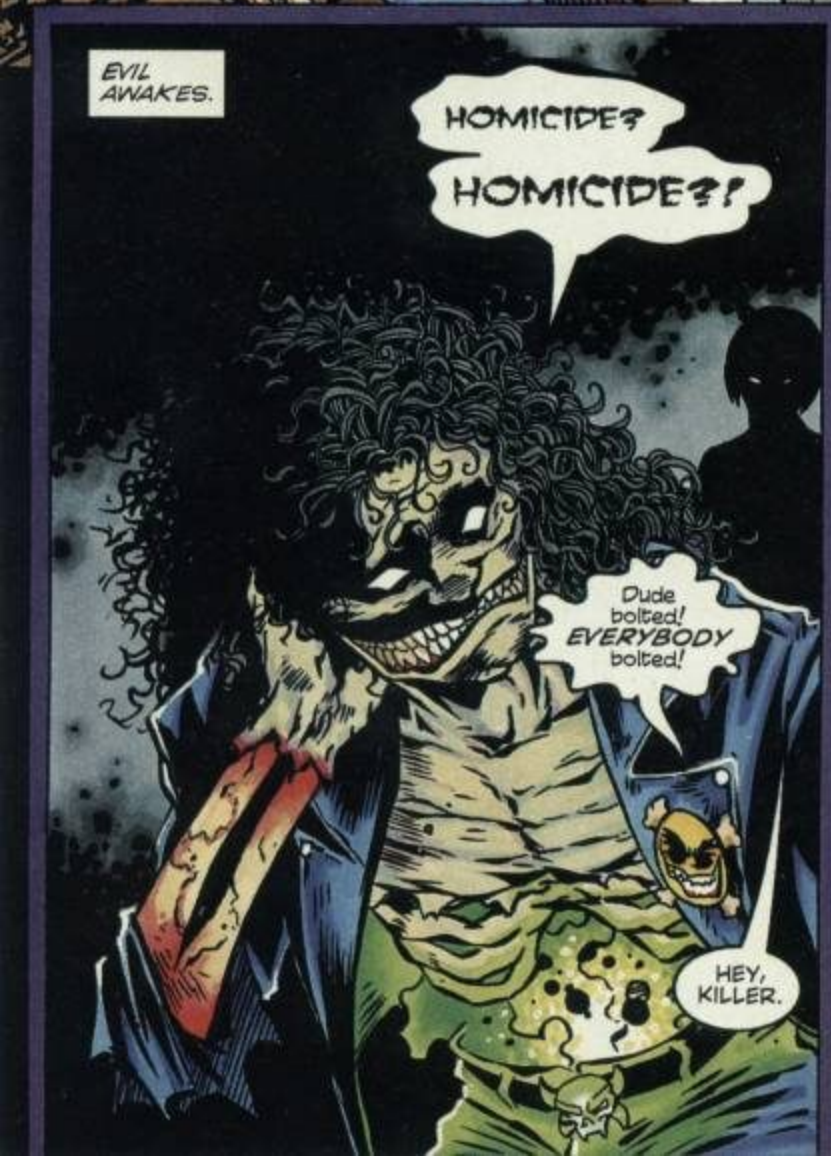
Yeah!

SPLAT





SUCKER!



LET ME BE STRAIGHT.

I WAS HIRED TO WHACK YOU. BUT I SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR OLD LADY. IT'S A DAMN SHAME.

YOU MUST BE BUMMIN'.

I'M HEADIN' SOUTH TOWARD GRACELAND. GONNA GO ON A NICE, RELAXING MURDER SPREE.

WANNA COME?

I MEAN, WHATTA YOU GOT TO LOSE THAT YOU HAVEN'T LOST ALREADY?

ONE THING'S FOR SURE. I CAN'T HARM YOU.

AND TRUST ME, THAT'S THE LAST THING ON MY MIND.

Oh, GOD! HE'S SO CUTE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A FRIEND.

Go on, boss!

LIVE a little!

Homina, homina.

GET OUT OF MY FACE!

U/P!

sniff sniff

What's on yer mind, boss?

MeGaDeATH!

Specifically?

NUKES!

YEAH!
THAT'S the
ticket!

THE END!

NEXT: "EVIL ERNIE: PIECES OF ME"

No jokes. No shiny paper. Just a personal tale of undiluted HORROR set during Ernest Fairchild's formative years BEFORE "YOUTH GONE WILD."

